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Iure Divino.
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THE

Assembly-Man.

Written in the Year 1647.

ΘΕΟΦΡΑΣΤ. Χαρακτ. ιγί.

περὶ. ΠΕΡΙΕΡΓΙΑΣ.

Διεγείρην τοὺς μαχομένους, καὶ ἧς οὐ γινώσκει ἀτραπῦ ἡγήσασθαι καὶ ὀμνύναι μέλλων, εἰπεῖν πρὸς τοὺς πρεσβυτικότας, ὅτι τὸ πρότερον πολλάκις ὀμώμοκα. i. e.

He Seditiously stirs up men to fight: he'll teach others the way whereof himself is most ignorant; and perswades men to take an Oath, because himself had sworn it before.

LONDON,

Printed for *Walter Davis* in *Amen-corner*, 1681.

LONDON,

Printed for Walter Davis in Amen-cor-
ner, 1681.

TO THE READER.

THis Pamphlet was torn from me by Thoſe who ſay they cannot Rob, becauſe all is Theirs. They found it where it ſlept many years forgotten; but they 'waken'd it, and made falſe Tranſcripts. They Exciz'd what they liked not; ſo Mangled and Reform'd that 'twas no Character of an Aſſembler, but of Themſelves. A Copy of that Reformling had crept to the Preſs. I ſeized and ſtopt it, unwilling to Father other mens Sins. Here therefore you have it (as 'twas firſt ſcribled) without addition of a Syllable; I wiſh I durſt ſay

here's nothing lopt off; but Men and Manners are chang'd, at leaſt they ſay ſo. If yet this Trifle ſeem born with Teeth, you know whoſe hands were knuckle-deep in the Blood of that Renowned Chancellor of Oxon (*Arch-Biſhop* Laud) *though when they cut up that great Martyr, his two greateſt Crimes were the two greateſt Glorys* Great Britain *can boaſt of,* St. Paul's Church *and the* Oxford Library. *Where you find no coherence, remember this Paper hath ſuffered* Decimation: *better Times have made it worſe, and that's no fault of*

J. B.

THE

THE
Assembly-Man.

AN *Assember* is part of the *States* Chattels: nor *Priest*, nor *Burgess*, but a *Participle* that Sharks upon both. He was chosen, as Sir *Nathaniel*, because he knew least of all his Profession, not by the Votes of a whole Diocess, but by one whole Parliament-man. He has sate four years *towards* a New Religion, but in the interim left None at all. As his Masters, the *Commons*, had a long Debate *whether Candles or no Candles*, but all the mean while sate still in the Dark: And therefore when the Moon quits her old Light, and has acquired no new, Astronomers say she is in her *Synode*. Shew me such a Picture of *Judas* as the *Assembler*, (a Griping, False, Reforming Brother; Rails at *Wast* spent upon the *Anointed*; Persecutes most those Hands which *Ordain'd* Him; brings in *Men with Swords and Staves*; and all for Money from the Honourable *Scribes* and *Pharisees*:) One Touch more (a Line tyed to his Name-sake *Elder-tree*) had made him *Judas* Root and Branch. This *Assembly* at first was a full Century; which should be reckon'd as the Scholiast's *Hecatomb*, by their Feet, not Heads: or count them by Scores, for in things without Heads Six-score do go to an Hundred. They would be a New

Septuagint;

Septuagint; the old Translated Scripture out of *Hebrew* into *Greek*, these turn it to *four shillings a day*. And all these *Assemblers* were begot in one day, as *Hercules*'s fifty Bastards all in one night. Their first List was sprinkled with some Names of Honour (Dr. *Sanderson*, Dr. *Morley*, Dr. *Hammond*, &c.) But these were *Divines* too worthy to mix with such *Scandalous Ministers*, and would not *Assemble* without the *Royal Call*. Nay, the first List had one Arch-Bishop, one Bishop, and an half, (for Bishop *Brownrigg* was then but *Elect*.) But now their *Assembly* (as Philosophers think the World) consists of *Atoms*, petty small Levites, whose *Parts* are not *Perceptible*. And yet these inferior postern-Teachers have intoxicated *England*, (for a Man sometimes grows Drunk by a Glister.) When they all meet, they shew Beasts in *Africk*, by promiscuous coupling ingender Monsters. Mr. *Selden* visits them (as *Persians* use) to see *wild Asses* fight: when the *Commons* have tyr'd him with their new Law, these Brethren refresh him with their mad Gospel. They lately were gravell'd 'twixt *Jerusalem* and *Jericho*; they knew not the distance 'twixt those two places; one cry'd Twenty miles, another Ten, 'twas concluded Seven, for this reason, that *Fish was brought from* Jericho *to* Jerusalem-*Market*: Mr. *Selden* smil'd, and said, *perhaps the Fish was salt Fish*, and so stopp'd their mouths. Earl *Philip* goes thither to hear them *spend*; when he heard them toss their NATIONAL, PROVINCIAL, CLASSICAL, CONGREGATIONAL; he swore *dammably*, that a Pack of good Dogs made better Musick: His Allusion was proper, since the *Elder*'s *Maid* had a four-legg'd Husband. To speak truth, this *Assembly* is the *two Houses* Tiring-Room, where the *Lords* and *Commons* put on their Visards and Masques of Religion. And their *Honours* have so *sifted* the Church, that at last they have found the *Bran* of the Clergy. Yet such poor Church-menders must Reform and Shuffle, though they find Church-Government may a thousand ways be changed for the worse, but not one way for the better. They have lately published ANNOTATIONS on the Bible, where their first Note

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(on the word CREATE) is a Libel againſt Kings for creating of Honours. Their *Annotation* on *Jacob*'s two Kids, is, that *two Kids are too much for one man's Supper*: but *he had* (ſay they) *but one Kid, and the other made Sauce.* They obſerve upon *Herod*, what a Tyrant he was, to kill Infants under two years old, *without giving them a Legal Trial* that they might ſpeak for themſelves. Commonly they follow the *Geneva* Margin, as thoſe Sea-men, who underſtood not the *Compaſs* crept along the Shore. But I hear they threaten a *ſecond Edition*, and in the interim thruſt forth a Paultry *Catechiſm*, which expounds Nine *Commandments*, and Eleven Articles of the *Creed*. Of late they are much in love with *Chronograms*, becauſe (if poſſible) they are duller than *Anagrams*; O how they have torn the poor Biſhops names to pick out the Number of 666! little dreaming that a whole Bakers dozen of their own *Aſſembly* have that Beaſtly Number in each of their Names, and that as exactly as their *Solemn League and Covenant* conſiſts of 666 Words. But though the *Aſſemblers* Brains are Lead, his Countenance is Braſs; for he Damn'd ſuch as held Two Benefices, while himſelf has Four or Five, beſides his Concubine-*Lecture*. He is not againſt *Pluralities*, but *Dualities*; He ſays 'tis unlawful to have Two of his own, though Four of other mens; and obſerves how the *Hebrew* word for *Life* has no Singular number. Yet 'tis ſome Relief to a Sequeſter'd Perſon to ſee two *Aſſemblers* ſnarl for his Tyths; for of all kind of Beaſts none can match an *Aſſembler*, but an *Aſſembler*. He never enters a Church by the Door, but clambers up through a Window of *Sequeſtration*, or ſteals in through Vaults and Cellars by Clandeſtine Contracts with an Expecting Patron. He is moſt ſure no Law can hurt him, for Laws dyed in *England* the year before the *Aſſembler* was born. The beſt way to hold him, is (as our King *Richard* bound the King of *Cyprus*) in *Silver Chains*. He loves to diſcourſe of the *new Jeruſalem*, becauſe her Streets are of *fine Gold*; and yet could like *London* as well, were *Cheapſide* pav'd with the *Philoſophers Stone*. Nay he would ſay his Prayers with Beads, if he might have a Set made all of Diamonds: This,

this

this is it which tempts him to ſuch mad Articles againſt the *Loyal Clergie*, whom he dreſſes as he would have them appear; juſt as the Ballad of Dr. *Fauſtus* brings forth the Devil in a *Friars Weed*. He accus'd one Miniſter, for ſaying *the Bleſſed Virgin was the Mother of God*, (Θεοτόκος, as the Ancients call her) Another he Charg'd for a Common Drunkard, whom all the Country knows has drunk nothing but Water theſe ſix and twenty years. But the *Aſſembler* himſelf can drink Widows Tears though their Husbands are not Dead. Sure, if *Paracelſus*'s Doctrine were true, (that *to eat creatures alive will perpetuate mans life*) the *Aſſembler* were immortal, for he ſwallows quick men, Wives, and Children, and devours *Lives* as well as *Livings*; as if he were born in that Pagan Province where *None might Marry till he had Kill'd twelve Chriſtians.* - This makes him kneel to Lieutenant General *Cromwel* (as *Indians* to the *Devil*;) for he ſaw how *Oliver* firſt threw———, then——, and can with a wink do as much for———: like *Milo* in the *Olympicks*, by practiſing on a *Calf* grew ſtrong enough for a *Bull*, and could with eaſe give a lift to an *Aſſe*. The great Turk was ſending his Ambaſſador, to congratulate the *Aſſembly*'s Proceedings againſt the *Chriſtians*; He Ordered them Thanks for Licencing his *Alcoran* to be *Printed in Engliſh*; but hearing *Ottoman Cromwell* had talk'd of *Marching to the Walls of Conſtantinople*, that Embaſſy was ſtopt. The only difference 'twixt the *Aſſembler* and a *Turk*, is, that one Plants Religion by the *power of the Sword*, and the other by the Power of the *Cymitar*. Nay, the greateſt ſtrife in their whole Conventicle, is who ſhall do worſt; for they all intend to make the Church but a *Sepulchre*, having not only *Plundred*, but *Anatomiz'd* all the true Clergy; whoſe Torment is heightned in being deſtroyed by ſuch *dull* Inſtruments; as the Prophet *Iſaiah* was Sawn to pieces with a *wooden Saw*. The *Aſſembler* wonders that the King and his Friends live ſtill in *Hope*; he thinks them all in St. *Clements*, Caſe, drown'd with an Anchor ty'd about his neck. He has now got power to *Viſit* the *Univerſities*; where theſe blinking *Viſitors* look on eminent Scholars (as the Blind-man who ſaw

Men

Men like *Trees*) as Timber growing within the Root and Branch *Ordinance*. The *Aſſembler* has now left Scholars ſo poor, they have ſcarce Rags wherewith to make Paper. A man would think the *Two Houſes* intended to *tranſport* the *Univerſities*, ſince they load Aſſes with College-Revenues. For though theſe *Aſſemblers* made themſelves *Heads*, they are rather the *Hands* of Colleges, for they all are Takers, and take all; and yet they are ſuch creeping Tyrants, that Scholars are Expelled the two *Univerſities*, as the old *Thracians*, forc'd from their Country, by Rats and Mice. So that Learning now is ſo much advanced, as *Arrow-ſmith's* Glaſs-eye ſees more than his Natural. They never admit a good Scholar to a *Benefice*; for the *Aſſembly's* Balance is the *Lake* of *Sodom*, where Iron ſwims, and Feathers ſink. Their Divinity-Diſputations are with Women, or Lay-men; and 'tis only on one Queſtion (*Epiſcopacy*) where the *Aſſembler* talks all that he and his friends can ſay, (though his beſt *Medium* to prove *Presbyters* more ancient than *Biſhops*, is, that *Scribes*, *Phariſees*, *Prieſts*, and *Elders*, were before the *Apoſtles*;) yet if a Scholar or good Argument come, he flies them as much as if they were his Text. This made him curſe Dr. *Steward*, Dr. *Laney*, and Dr. *Hammond*; and had he not had more Braſs in his Face than in his Kitchin, he had hang'd himſelf at *Uxbridge*, and ended with that *Treaty*. For he has nought of *Logick*, but her *clutcht fiſt*; and rails at *Philoſophy* as Beggars do at Gentlemen. He has very bad luck when he deals in *Philology*, as one of them (and that no mean man,) who, in his Preface to the *Reader*, ſays, that *St. Paul had read Euſtathius upon Homer*, though the *Apoſtle* dyed a thouſand years before *Euſtathius* was born. The *Aſſembler's* Dyet is ſtrangely different, for he dines wretchedly on dry Bread at *Weſtminſter*, four *Aſſemblers* for thirteen pence: But this ſharpens and whets him for Supper, where he feeds *gratis* with his City-Landlord, to whom he brings a huge Stomach and News; for which cram'd Capons cram him. He ſcrews into Family's where there is ſome rich Daughter, or Heir; but whoever takes him into their Boſom, will dye like *Cleopa-*

tra. When it rain's he is Choak'd (a *Claſſis* of them together) rowling his Eyes to mark who beholds him. His ſhorteſt things are his Hair and his Cloak. His Hair is cut to the figure of 3. two high Cliffs run up his Temples, whoſe Cape of ſhorn hair ſhoot's down his Forehead, with Creeks indented, where his Ears ride at Anchor. Had this falſe Prophet been carried with *Habbakuk*, the *Angel* had caught faſt hold of his *Ears*, and led Him as He leads his Auditory. His Eyes are part of his Tithe at *Eaſter*, which he boyles at each Sermon. He has two Mouths, his Noſe is one, for he ſpeaks through both. His Hands are not in his Gloves, but his Gloves in his Hands; for 'twixt Sweatings, that is, Sermons, he handles little elſe, except his dear *Mammon*. His Gown (I mean his Cloak) reaches but his Pockets: when he rides in that Mantle, with a Hood on his Shoulders and a Hat above both, is he not then his own *Man of Sin* with the *Tripple Crown*? you would ſwear ſome honeſt Carpenter dreſs'd him, and made him the Tunnel of a Countrey Chimney. His Doublet and Hoſe are of dark Blew, a grain deeper than pure *Coventry*: but of late he's in Black, ſince the Loyal Clergy were Perſecuted into Colours. His two longeſt things are his *Nayles* and his *Prayer*. But the cleaneſt thing about him is his Pulpit-Cuſhion, for he ſtill beats the Duſt out of it. To do him Right, commonly he wears a pair of good Lungs, whereby he turns the Church into a Belfry, for his Clapper makes ſuch a Din, you cannot hear the *Cymball* for the *Tinkling*. If his Pulpit be Large, he walks his Round, and ſpeaks as from a Garriſon, (his own Neck is Palizado'd with Ruff.) When he firſt enters his Prayer before Sermon, he winks and gaſps, and gaſps and winks, as if he prepared to Preach in another World: He ſeems in a Slumber, then in a Dream; then rumbles a while; at laſt he ſounds forth, and then throws ſo much Dirt and Non-Senſe towards Heaven, as he durſt not offer to a Member of Parliament. Now becauſe Scripture bids him *not Curſe the King in his Thought*, he do's it in his Pulpit by Word of Mouth; though Heaven ſtrike him Dumb in the very Act, as it did *Hill* at *Cambridge*, who while he Pray'd, *Depoſe Him*,

Him, O Lord, who would Depoſe us, was made the *Dumb Devil*. This (one would think) ſhould *gargle* his foul mouth. For his only hope why God ſhould hear him againſt the *King*, is the Devil himſelf (that great *Aſſembler*) was heard againſt *Job*. His whole Prayer is ſuch an irrational Bleating that (without a Metaphor) 'tis the *Calves of his Lips*: And commonly 'tis Larded with fine new words, as *Savingable*, *Muchly*, *Chriſt-Jeſuſneſs*, &c. and yet he has the face to Preach againſt *Prayer in an unknown Tongue*. Sometimes he's Foundered, and then there is ſuch hideous Coughing! But that's very ſeldom, for he can glibly run over Non-ſenſe, as an empty Cart trundles down a Hill. When the *King* girt round the Earl of *Eſſex* at *Leſtythiell*, an *Aſſembler* complain'd that *God had drawn his People into the Wilderneſs*, and told Him, *he was bound in Honour to feed them*; *for, Lord*, ſaid he, *ſince thou giveſt them no Meat, we pray thee, O Lord, to give them no Stomachs*. He tore the *Liturgy*, becauſe, forſooth, it ſhackl'd his Spirit, (he would be a *Devil* without a *Circle*;) and now if he ſee the Book of *Common Prayer*, the Fire ſees it next, as ſure as the Biſhops were burn'd who compil'd it. Yet he has Mercy on *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, becauſe their *Meeters* are ſung without Authority (no Statute, Canon, or Injunction at all;) only, like himſelf, firſt crept into private Houſes, and then into Churches. Mr. *Rous* mov'd thoſe *Meeters* might be Sequeſtred, and his own new Rithmes to enjoy the Sequeſtration; but was Refuſed, becauſe *John Hopkins* was as ancient as *John Calvin*; Beſides, when *Rous* ſtood forth for his Trial, *Robin Wiſdom* was found the better Poet. 'Tis true they have a *Directory*, but 'tis good for nothing but *Adoniram*, who ſold the Original for 400 *l.* And the Book muſt ſerve both *England* and *Scotland*, as the *Directory Needle* points *North* and *South*. The *Aſſembler's* only Ingenuity is, that he prays for an *ex tempore* Spirit, ſince his Conſcience tells him he has no Learning. His Prayer thus ended, he then looks round, to obſerve the Sex of his Congregation, and accordingly turns the Apoſtles, *Men, Fathers, and Brethren* into *Dear Brethren and Siſters*. For, his uſual Auditory is

moſt part *Female*; and as many Siſters flock to Him, as at *Paris* on St. *Margarets* day, when all come to Church that are or hope to be with Child that year. He divides his Text as he did the Kingdom, makes one part fight againſt another: or as *Burgeſs* divides the Dean of *Paul*'s Houſe, not into *Parts*, but *Tenements*, that is, ſo as 'twill yield the moſt Money. And properly they are *Tenements*; for each Part muſt be *dwelt* upon, though himſelf comes near it but once a *Quarter*; and ſo his Text is rather *Let out* than *Divided*. Yet ſometimes (to ſhew his skill in *Keckerman*,) he *Butchers* a Text, cuts it (juſt as the *Levite* did his *Concubine*) into many dead Parts, breaking the Senſe and Words all to pieces; and then they are not *Divided*, but *Shatter'd*, like the Splinters of *Don Quixot*'s Launce. If his Text be to the Occaſion, his firſt Diſh is *Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver*; yet tells not the People what *Pictures* thoſe were. His Sermon and Prayer grin at each other, though one is *Presbyterian* and the other *Independent*; for he Preaches up the *Claſſes*, yet prays for the *Army*. Let his *Doctrine* and *Reaſon* be what they will, his *Uſe* is ſtill to ſave his *Benefice* and augment his *Lecture*. He talks much of *Truth*, but abhors *Peace*, leſt it ſtrip him as *naked* as *Truth*; and therefore hates a *Perſonal Treaty*, unleſs with a Siſter. He has a rare ſimpring way of expreſſion; he calls a Married Couple, *Saints that enjoy the Myſtery*; and a man Drunk, is *a Brother full of the Creature*. Yet at Wedding Sermons he is very familiar, and (like that Picture in the Church at *Leyden*) ſhews *Adam* and *Eve* without *Fig-leaves*. At Funerals, he gives infallible Signs that the Party is gone to Heaven; but his chief Mark of a *child of God*, is *to be good to Gods Miniſters*. And hence 'tis he calls his Preachment, *Manna*; fitted not to his Hearers *Neceſſity*, but their *Palat*; for 'tis to feed himſelf, not them. If he chance to tire, he refreſhes himſelf with the Peoples *Hum*, as a Collar of Bells do chear up a Pack-horſe. 'Tis no wonder he'll Preach, but that any will hear him; and his conſtant Auditors do but ſhew the length of their Ears;) For he is ſuch an Ἀθελπεσκόκκυξ, that to hear him, makes good Scholars ſick; but to read

read him, is death. Yet though you hear him three hours, he'll ask a fourth; as the Beggar at *Delph* craves your Charity *becauſe he eats four pound of Bread at a Meal.* 'Twas from his Larrum the *Watch-makers* learned their *infinite Skrew.* His Glaſs and Text are equally handled, that is, once an hour: nay, ſometimes he ſally's and never returns, and then we ſhould leave him to the Company of *Lorimers*, for he muſt be held with Bit and Bridle. Who ever once has been at his Church can never doubt the Hiſtory of *Balaam.* If he have got any new Tale or Expreſſion, 'tis eaſier to make Stones ſpeak than him to hold his peace. He hates a Church where there is an *Eccho*, for it robs him of his dear *Repetition*, and confounds the Auditory as well as he. But of all Mortals I admire the *Short-hand-men*, who have the Patience to write from his Mouth: had they the Art to ſhorten it into Senſe, they might write his whole Sermon on the back of their Nail. For his Invention conſiſts in finding a way to ſpeak Nothing upon any thing; and were he in the *Grand Seigniors* power, he would lodge him with his *Mutes*; for *Nothing* and *Nothing to purpoſe* are all one. I wonder in Conſcience he can Preach againſt *Sleeping* at his *Opium*-Sermons. He Preaches indeed both in Seaſon and out of Seaſon; for he rails at Popery, when the Land is almoſt loſt in Presbytery; and would cry out *Fire, Fire*, in *Noah*'s *Flood.* Yet all this he ſo acts with his Hands, that in this ſence too his Preaching is a *Handicraft.* Nor can we complain that *Plays* are put down while he can Preach, ſave only his *Sermons* have worſe Senſe and leſs Truth. But he Blew down the *Stage*, and Preach'd up the *Scaffold.* And very wiſely, leſt men ſhould track him, and find where he pilfers all his beſt *Similes*, (the only thing wherein he is commendable, St. *Paul* himſelf having cull'd Sentences from *Meander*'s *THAIS*, though 'twas his worſt, that is, unchaſt Comedy.) Sometimes the *Aſſembler* will venture at the Original, and then (with the Tranſlator of *Don Quixot*) he miſtakes *Sobs and Sighs* for *Eggs and Collops.* But commonly (for want of *Greek* and *Latin*) he learns *Hebrew*, and ſtreight is *illuminated*; that is, mad; his Brain is broke by a Brick-

bat

bat caſt from the Tower of *Babel*. And yet this empty windy Teacher has *Lectur'd* a War quite round the Kingdom: he has found a *Circulation of Blood* for *Deſtruction* (as famous *Harvey* for *Preſervation* of Mankind.) 'Twas eaſier to foreſee a great Mortality when Ravens were heard in all *Corporations*. For, as Multitudes of Frogs preſage a Peſtilence, ſo croaking *Lectures* foretold an *Aſſembly*. Men come to Church, as the Great *Alexander* went to Sacrifice, led by Crows. You have ſeen a ſmall *Elder tree* grow in Chinks and Clefts of Church-walls; it ſeems rather a *Weed* than a *Tree*; which, lend it growth, makes a Rent in the Wall, and throws down the Church. Is not this the *Aſſembler*? grown from Schiſms (which himſelf begot,) and if permitted, will make the Church but a *Floor*, or *Church-yard*. Yet, for all this, he will be called *Chriſts Miniſter* and *Saint*, as the Rebels againſt King *John* were *the Army of God*. Sure when they meet, they cannot but ſmile; for the dulleſt among them muſt needs know that they all cheat the People: ſuch groſs low Impoſtors, that we die the death of the Emperour *Claudius*, Poyſon'd by *Muſhromes*. The old Hereticks had Skill and Learning (ſome excuſe for a Seduced Church;) Thoſe were *Scholars*, but theſe are *Aſſemblers*; whoſe very Brains (as *Manichæus*'s skin) are ſtuffed with *Chaff*. For they Study little, and Preach much, ever ſick of a *Diabete*: nor do they *read*, but *weed* Authors, picking up cheap and refuſe Notes, that with *Caligula* they gather Cockle-ſhells, and with *Domitian* retire into their Study to catch Flies. At *Faſts* and *Thankſgivings* the *Aſſembler* is the *State*'s Trumpet; for then he doth not *Preach*, but is *Blown*; Proclaims News, very loud, the Trumpet and his Forehead being both of one Metal, (and yet, good man, he ſtill prays for *Boldneſs*.) He Hackneys out his Voice like a Cryer; and is a kind of *Spiritual Agitant*, receives Orders, and ſpreads them. In earneſt the *States* cannot want this Tool, for without him the *Saints* would ſcarce *Aſſemble*. And if the Zealots chance to fly out, they are charm'd home by this *Sounding Braſs*. There is not on Earth a baſer Sycophant; for he ever is chewing ſome *Vote* or *Ordinance*; and tells the People how

ſavoury

ſavoury it is; like him who lick'd up the Emperour's Spittle and ſwore 'twas ſweet. Would the *two Houſes* give him *Cathedral Lands*, he would prove *Lords* and *Commons* to be *Jure Divino*: but ſhould they offer him the *Self-denying Ordinance*, he would juſtifie the Devil and curſe them to their faces, (his Brother Kirk-man did it in *Scotland.*) 'Tis pleaſant to obſerve how finely they play into each others hands; *Marſhall* procures Thanks to be given to *Sedgwick* (for his great pains:) *Sedgwick* obtains as much for *Marſhall*, and ſo they all pimp for one another. But yet (to their great comfort be it ſpoken) their whole ſeven years Sermons at *Weſtminſter* are now to be ſold in *Fetter-Lane* and *Pye-Corner*. Before a Battel the *Aſſembler* ever ſpeaks to the Souldiers; and the holding up of his hands muſt be as neceſſary as *Moſes*'s againſt the *Amalekites*: For he pricks them on, tells them that *God loves none but the Valiant*: But when Bullets flye, Himſelf runs firſt, and then cry's *All the Sons of* Adam *are Cowards*! Were there any *Metempſychoſis* his Soul would want a Lodging: No ſingle Beaſt could fit him, being wiſe as a Sheep and innocent as a Wolf. His ſole comfort is, he cannot out-ſin *Hugh Peters*: Sure, as Satan hath poſſeſſed the *Aſſembler*, ſo *Hugh Peters* hath poſſeſſed Satan, and is the Devil's Devil. He alone would fill a whole Herd of *Gadarens*. He hath ſuck'd Blood ever ſince he lay in the Butchers Sheet; and now (like his *Sultan*) has a a Shambles in his Countenance; ſo crimſon and torrid, you may there read how St. *Laurence* dyed; and think *the three Children* were delivered from his face. This is St. *Hugh*, who will *Level* the *Aſſembler*, or, *the Devil's an Aſſe*. Yoke theſe Brethren; and they two couple like a *Sadducee* and a *Phariſee*, or a *Turk* and a *Perſian*, both Mahumetans. But the *Aſſembler*'s deepeſt and higheſt Abomination, is his *Solemn League and Covenant*; whereby he ſtrives to *damn* or *begger* the whole Kingdom; out-doing the Devil, who only *perſwades*, but the *Aſſembler forces* to *Perjury* or *Starving*. And this (whoever lives to obſerve it) will one day ſink both him and his Faction: For he and his *Oath* are ſo much one, that were he half hanged and let down again, his firſt word would be *Covenant*! *Covenant*!

But

But I forgot, a *Character* ſhould be brief: (though *tedious Length* be his beſt Character.) Therefore I'll give ye (what He deny's the Sequeſter'd Clergy) but a *Fifth Part*. For weigh him ſingle, and he has the Pride of three Tyrants, the Forehead of ſix Gaolers, and the Fraud of twelve Brokers. Or, take him in the Bunch; and their whole *Aſſembly* is a *Club* of Hypocrites, where ſix dozen of Schiſmaticks ſpend two hours for four ſhillings apiece.

FINIS.

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